

The Historie of

Prin. What saist thou, *Alister quickly!* how dow thy husband? I loue him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my Lord heare me.

Fal. Prethee let her alone and list to me.

Prin. What saist thou *Jacke?*

Fal. The other night I fell a sleepe here behind the Arres, and had my pocket pickt, this house is turnde bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

Prin. What didst thou lose, *Jacke?*

Fal. Wilt thou belecue me, *Hal?* three or foure bonds of forty pound a peace, and a seale Ring of my grandfathers.

Prin. A trifle, some eight penny matter.

Host. So I told him my Lord, and I said, I heard your Grace say so; and my Lord he speakes most vilely of you, like a foule mouth'd man, as he is, and said, he would cudgell you.

Prin. What he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me els.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee, then a stued Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Foxe; and for Womanhood, Maydmarian may be the Deputies wife of the ward to thee. Goe you thing, goe.

Host. Say, What thing, what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

Host. I am no thing to thanke God on, I would thou shouldst know it, I am an honest mans wife; and setting thy Knight-hood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy woman-hood aside, thou art a beast, to say otherwise.

Host. Say, What beast, thou knaue, thou?

Fal. What Beast? why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, *Sir John?* Why an Otter?

Fal. Why? hee's neither fish nor flesh; a man knowes not where to haue her.

Host. Thou art an vniust man in saying so; thou, or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

Prin. Thou sayest true *Hofesse*, and hee slaunders thee most grossely.

Host. So hee doth you, my Lord, and sayd this other day.

You

Henry the

You ought him a thousand pou

Prin. Sirra, doe I owe you a t

Fal. A thousand pound *Hal*

Million: thou owest me thy lou

Host. Nay, my Lord, hee cal

cudgell you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardol?*

Bar. Indeed, *Sir John*, you fa

Fal. Yea, if he sayd my Ring

Prin. I say tis Copper: darst the

Fal. Why *Hal?* thou knowest but as thou art *Prince*, I feare the Lyons whelpe.

Prin. And why not as the Li

Fal. The King himselfe, is t thou thinke he feare thee, as I fe pray God my Girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it should, how woul But sirra, there's no roome for Fa

bosome of thine; it is all filde v

Charge an honest woman with

horeson impudent imbofst rascal

pocket, but tauerne reckonings

ses, and one poore peniworth

long-winded: if thy pocket we

ries but these, I am a villaine; an

will not pocket vp wrong: art t

Fal. Doeest thou heare *Hal?* th

cencie, *Adam* fell: & what shoul

daies of villany: thou seest, I hau

& thefore more frailty You confi

Prin. It appears so by the st

Fal. *Hofesse*, I forgie thee: g

thy Husband, looketo thy Seru

thalt find me traatable to any ho

pacified still: nay, I prethee be g

Now *Hal*, to the newes at Cour

that answered?